

Open Wounds

by Grail

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Summary: A Fanfic taking place inbetween Silence and Hannibal
...Enjoy all and drop me a line if you like

Open Wounds

> <meta name="Author"> Open Wounds

Old Wounds.

By

Wil Stevenson.

> Oct1999

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Part One

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 The sun beat down on the road leading to the Quantico Virginia, FBI compound. Special agent Clarice Starling drove up to the tall, thick security gate. She was always amused when the guards would automatically recognize her and give her access without needing to view her credentials. They always wore a smile and she could hear them as her Mustang 5.0 rumbled slowly into the parking lot. It was always talk of 'Buffalo Bill' this and 'Buffalo Bill' that. Occasionally she thought she heard talk of Hannibal the Cannibal. She had deemed that this was just her wanton desire to capture Dr. Lecter playing with her senses. For many months after Dr. Lecter had informed her by telephone, that he was 'having an old friend for dinner', she had spent many months with her closest friend in the world, Ardelia Mapp just holding her and she swore she could once again hear the lambs screaming that had haunted her for the better part of her life. Today the guard wore no smile he just pointed her to building B1 and suggested she report to Agent Krendler right away. There was no talk of Jame Gumb, no reference to Buffalo Bill. Today there was only a gray cloud, almost a precursor of the cold gray world of the FBI compound. Paul Krendler , Clarice could think of no

civil words to describe him. She only knew that someday he would get his come-uppance and she would be there. Krendler was taking the political highroad to the Inspector General's office and he was leaving a stinking smokescreen behind him. The Old Mustang rumbled to a dusty halt in the visitor's space. She locked the doors when she got out and chuckled slowly to herself, thinking who would bother to steal some old cassettes or a chipbag from two weeks ago. The report from a .22 cal rifle bounced off building B1's wall as she mounted the steps to the door. From this vantage point she could see the shooting range and could almost sense the tension coming from the new recruits. She herself had been through itÂ once upon a time when she had won the FBI's Golden Marksman award. She had struggled in the FBI's mostly trivial jobs until they needed someone to speak to...

Â "Agent Starling...", a smug sounding voice and she knew that Krendler was standing behind her eyeing her. She was glad that she had dressed in casual dress slacks today instead of a dress. She wheeled around as her auburn hair caught in the wind, "Hello Agent Krendler.". This was said as nonchalantly as possible. She had found long ago that she had no interest in Paul Krendler and wanted nothing to do with him. This had pissed agent Krendler off. He was obsessed with the fact that a woman would refuse him. To him she was nothing more than an office whore who had blown her way into her first assignment and had gotten a lucky break. He opened the door and she followed him in, down a long plain hallway, to an old office decorated with a single american flag on a flagstand in the corner of the room. The walls were thick cinder brick painted the utility white of private governmental buildings. In the middle of the small room was a large oak desk with a phone and a pen holder. Due to cutbacks the desk was dusty and unused. In the far corner of the room was a long plaid couch. Sitting on the couch was an older gentleman who Clarice did not recognize. He had a visitor's pass hooked to his suit jacket lapel. He stood and extended his hand when she entered the room.Â

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Â "Agent Clarice Starling, this is Bob Wakeman from the Postmaster General's office." The older man shook her hand and with a friendly smile, proclaimed, "Pleasure ma'am". Clarice Starling gave her best, 'I'm polite but suspicious' smile and shook the man's hand in return. She nodded and waited for Krendler to invite her to sit down. He didn't. Instead he dusted off a corner of the desk and sat down. He pulled open the drawer behind him and pulled out a large sheaf of papers. He slammed them on the desk and the look in his eyes betrayed his cool exterior and she could tell he was sorry for having done it. Dust flew into the air everywhere. Bob Wakeman pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and covered his nostrils. When the dust finally settled Krendler began leafing through the papers. Each one had the stamp of the FBI on the cover and had an evidence tag number.Â

Â "Dr. Hannibal Lector. These are letters addressed to Dr. Hannibal Lector at his old practice address. They are all dated after his escape. And 85% of them are from the same sender. It appears Lector has gotten a fan club. In every one the closing note says, 'Clarice Starling, 182 Willowdale Rd.' ". Krendler stood and straightened his suit. "So some lunatic has my address? What else is new?", Clarice Starling's southern accent began to break through as she sensed the oncoming order that would put a smile on Krendler's face and would fuck her career. Krendler smiled, a false, 'I've got you now you bitch', condescending sort of smile. "Well ClariceÂ the Inspector

General's office feels that you are a liability to the security of the ongoing investigation of Hannibal Lecter. As such I have..", he paused long enough to open the second drawer on the desk and hauled out yet another large sheaf of papers, "...I am required to ask you to sign these court orders giving full communicable permission to the NSA to equip your residence with wire taps and twenty four hour surveillance. These court orders will also give Mr .Waltman here express permission to fluoroscope all of your mail and to open any questionable contents. So I need you to sign here please.". Krendler half smirking pushed the papers and thin black pen from his breast pocket towards Starling. Clarice stood solid and refused to pick up the pen, "I want to have my lawyer view these court documents I feel I may be violated if I sign these.". A voice echoed in Clarice's mind 'Quid pro quo Clarice, quid pro quo'. She knew the voice and it angered her that he could invade her mind so easily in moments of weakness and despair. Krendler had a faked shocked look on his face, "But Clarice it's for your own safety.". Clarice took a step to the door and turned long enough to add some venom to the conversation, "I will not sign these fucking papers without a full judiciary committee and my lawyer present Mr Krendler.", she turned to the old man and stooped to shake his hand once more, "Goodday Mr. Wakeman".

Starling left the room and sprinted to her car. She would not let these bastards see her cry. She let the mustang throttle wide on the way home and roared to a stop in her driveway, spitting gravel onto the side of the house. She collapsed into tears. Her head in her hands, which were in turn wrapped around the steering wheel. Ardelia Mapp, Starling's best friend and roommate came running out of the house, "What the hell was that noise....". Ardelia stopped short when she saw Clarice in this emotional state. She went to the car and opened the door and helped Clarice inside. Ardelia went into the kitchen to make some of her Grandmother's herbal tea. She was gone all of five minutes. When she returned, Clarice was fast asleep on the couch. Ardelia gathered a big puffy comforter from the linen closet and threw it over Clarice and wished her goodnight.

Part 2

'What did he say to you Clarice?'.

>'He said he could smell my cu...'
 Flared nostrils sniff the air.....

>'Clarice, it's Miggs...he died last night...'
'Swallowed his tongue, Lecter told him to do it.'

>'Tell me Clarice do the lambs still scream...' <p>

Clarice Starling awoke sometime after midnight. She was covered in a thick sheen of sweat. The house was dark and Ardelia had gone to bed. Clarice was hungry but did not want to make anything for fear of waking Ardelia. She went upstairs and got a quick shower and changed into her jogging suit. She laced up her Nike sneakers and was out the door. She thought maybe she would jog to the McDonalds down at the mall a few blocks away and maybe wolf down a Big Mac. The cool night breeze felt good on her face. She saw the moon and thought of Hannibal Lecter and his suave speech. How he wanted to get to know Clarice. The scandal sheets had painted her as the beauty for the beast. She actually had not heard of Lecter, other than in case files or the VICAP database for about two years now. She had found a lead in Buenos Aires and had followed the lead only to find two more

corpses and investigators also found a stuffed lamb clutched in the hands of one of the victims. This puzzled the investigators and the local officials. They questioned Starling on it, as she had spoken to Lecter on previous occasions and probably knew him better than anyone. Clarice Starling had for the first time in her career not divulged all the information. She knew the meaning of the cryptic stuffed lamb and she justified it by telling herself it was irrelevant to the ongoing search. Hannibal Lecter was currently enjoying the top of the list of the FBI's ten most wanted fugitives. Deep down in some recessed part of Clarice Starling's psyche, she longed to speak with Lecter again, his insight into her inhibitions fascinated her with an almost childlike wonder. She shrugged off the thoughts and concentrated on getting her Big Mac and eating away the pain in her stomach.Â Â

Â Clarice looked at her watch and realized she had spent the whole night sitting in a coffee shop. She had gotten her Big Mac and had decided she was not tired and still needed to think. She ordered two coffees and walked home. Stepping into the house in the early morning was like walking into a Denny's for breakfast. The smell of bacon and eggs and fresh pancakes filled the house. "Heya Clarice," Ardelia said poking her head out of the kitchen, "I noticed you were not here so I figured you had gone for a jog. Want some breakfast?". Clarice felt her gorge rise in her throat and answered, "No thanks. I brought you some coffee if ya want some. I gotta get a shower and then...", Clarice stopped short when she saw Ardelia standing there, almost ridiculously, with one hand in the air holding the spatula and one hand on her hip in a 'wait one goddamn minute' pose. Clarice knew she was getting a lecture and braced herself for it. Ardelia grabbed one of the coffees and sat down at the table, "Ummm last night when you fell asleep you started talking about Miggs again. Are you alright hon?". Clarice's eyes dilated a little and shrugged it off, "Just a dream that's all. I'll be fine...I gotta get a shower and get my ass to work before I'm late. Have a good day Ardelia.". Clarice ran up the stairs as Ardelia called after her, "Yeah you too.".Â

Â At 8:45 a.m. Clarice Starling pulled into her parking spot at the Quantico compound. She passed through security and rode the elevator all the way down to the basement to her office. The office itself was a small corner of a storage room with curtains to partition the boundaries of her 'office'. This area had been dubbed 'Hannibal's House'. It contained various newspaper clippings and files and maps of possible locations for where Hannibal 'The Cannibal's' next strike. The most peculiar item in 'Hannibal's House' was the dinner setting for one. This was taken directly from Dr. Lecter's residence. It consisted of Italian silverware, Roman crystal and English bone china. Hannibal Lecter was a complete oxymoron in the psychiatry annals. If he was indeed a true cannibal, one whose dietary source consisted solely of other humans, then he was definitely the most civilized and most cultured of the lot. Clarice set her purse on her desk before noticing a small envelope on the floor. She picked it up and read the enclosed memo: Clarice, please come see me as soon as you get in today. Signed section Chief Jack Crawford. She crumpled the memo and tossed it into a wastebasket, grabbed her purse and entered the elevator to the top floor and Jack Crawford's office.

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Â Â Â Â Â Part 3.

Â The wind blew across the beach carrying with it the scent of fresh brewed Ouzo and Gyros from the market. The Mediterranean whipped up a frothy display to warn would be windsurfers that today the sea was angry. A lone beach house resided here. From the beach house a strain of Tchaikovsky's Blue Danube can be heard. Inside the house a medium sized man with long gray hair and a white beard is sitting at a piano playing along with the music. His timing is flawless. On his left hand he wears a black leather glove. His brow is furrowed. He stops playing and picks up a sleek looking black pen and a notepad and begins to write in his fine handwriting. The letter begins: Dear Clarice, I'm sorry I missed your birthday. I meant to send you a birthday present but I had lost your address. I do so apologize for that. Work has kept me very busy and I'm afraid I have not kept in touch near as much as I would have liked over the years. Tell Ardelia I say hello she seems like a bright young woman. P.s. I saw this sweater the other day made of Lamb's wool and it screamed your name. So I bought it and you may have it when next we meet as I do so feel that you owe me one dinner. Love, Nico Padropolous. He places the letter in a blue envelope and before licking the seal he swishes a small drop of Ouzo in his mouth. He picks up his shopping bag and his wallet and leaves a note for the new cleaning lady to make sure she closes the windows before she leaves.

Â He arrives back to his beach house to find a strange car sitting on the drive next to his coiled up garden house and his miniature olive garden. He leaves the shopping bag on his passenger seat and slips his gloved left hand in his coat pocket. He enters the house and looks around sitting on his couch is a young man entering maybe his early thirties. Behind him is the new cleaning lady holding her hands nervously. "May I ask who you are and what you are doing in my home?". The young man stands and pulls out a badge, "My name is Keandro Stalos, I am a detective and I was called here by this young lady.".Â Nick Padropolous looks puzzled, "Oh and why is that? Has there been an unlawful entry?". The young detective pauses and shakes his head no. "With all the media frenzy about This Hannibal Lecter on the loose many people are paranoid. Lysan here just found quite a few number of clippings about the Hannibal Lecter case. I know you are a Professor of American Law here. I was just wondering if you could provide us with a psychiatric profile. We are afraid that much has been lost over the past year due to corruption and bad protocol within our own justice system.". A spark of interest passes through Nick Padropolous' violet pupils. He stands and grabs his jacket from the rack along with a cellular phone. "I would be delighted sir. Oh and Lysan could you clean the den please? I'm afraid I tracked some wet sand onto the carpet.".Â

Â Together the two of them leave in the detective's car. As they hit the highway on the long road to town the conversation strikes up. "So tell me professor, what do you know of Dr. Lecter?". Nick Padropolous adjusts his seat belt. "Well all I know is what I read in the American newspapers. He's killed many people and he has a taste for human flesh.".Â Keandro Stalos looks over at his passenger and points to the black glove on his left hand, "Did you know that Hannibal Lecter has 6 fingers on his left hand?". Nick Padropolous looks into the young detective's eyes, "You play a dangerous game young man.". They round a corner on the mountain slope slowly as the detective hauls out a colt .45 pistol. "Perhaps it would be best if you just give yourself in to me so I can collect the reward Dr. Lecter.". Hannibal Lecter's eyes shine and he at once is humming the 1812 overture as he releases the detective's seat belt clasp. The

detective's head swivels, "What the fuck...?". Hannibal Lecter opens a straight edged pearl handled razor with a flick of his wrist and in one constant arcing motion, the young detective's left eyeball dangles on his cheek, slowly blood is oozing from the orifice and the severed tendons pulsate as the young man's brain attempts to focus, not quite realizing the true nature of the wound. Lecter reaches over with his left foot and slams on the gas as Keandro Stalos struggles to regain control and to seatbelt himself once more. The car lurches towards the sea far below and Dr. Lecter slams on the brake. The body of Detective Stalos makes it's harried flight through the glass windshield and into the ocean far below. Hannibal Lecter steps out of the car, throws the razor into the waiting maw of the Mediterranean sea and begins the long walk home all the while marveling at the wonders of German engineering in the braking system of the young detective's Saab.Â Â
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Â Â Â Â Part 4

Â Clarice entered into Jack Crawford's office and he motioned for her to take a seat. He was on the phone and from the look on his face it was a very aggravating conversation. "Look I've got an appointment to take right now, we'll discuss this later.", He hangs up the phone and reaches for a jar of Roloids. Popping one into his mouth he tilts his head back and begins to rub his temples. "Clarice I'm sure you can imagine why I've called you here. All the red tape in the world has been balled up and thrown in our direction. Krendler's an asshole. I won't dispute that, but he's got the IG on his side and right now you are prime grade A meat for the media wolves. I don't want to say this Clarice...you know I don't, but the court will push for a deposition and there will be no fighting it and IG can and will suspend your status until you reconcile. That's why I'm asking you to just sign the damn orders." Clarice stands up rigidly and appeals to Jack Crawford's better nature, "Sir I...". Jack Crawford cuts her off, "Clarice between you and me, my hands are tied in this matter. And this does not leave this room, because I would deny it, but if any mail comes through that does not throw up a red flag I'll make sure you get it ok?" He hands her a pen and points to the signature line. She grabs the pen and scratches her name across the line, "I hate this sir.". Jack Crawford removes his glasses and sighs, "I know Clarice...me too.".

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Â Â Â Â Part 5

Â Two weeks went by and Clarice was assigned to a low level missing persons case. It was the talk of the compound that this was just to keep her away from all things Lecter. "At 6 o'clock on the second Wednesday of the surveillance of Clarice Starling an unidentified male, height 6'2", heavyset with a full beard driving a Lincoln Continental approached her house. The taped conversation from the bug installed in the doorbell has the man asking agent Starling to go out for dinner. She agrees and then they drove off." " Thank you Mr. Krendler. And you were unable to follow them correct? Well we'll take it from here.", the man picked up the phone and motioned for Paul Krendler to leave and close the door. When he did, Paul Krendler stood in awe at the gold stenciled letters on the glass window of the door that read: INSPECTOR GENERAL, before fixing his hair, straightening his tie and strolling towards the waiting elevator.

Â Clarice Starling sat in the diner booth hunched down with a baseball cap on her head. The large man who had accompanied her as far as the corner had sped off and left her with a bundle of mail to read courtesy of section chief Jack Crawford. She mused at how even through the surveillance and the mail filtering she still received all her bills. There was one letter in particular that interested her. It was from a Nick Papadropoulos. She had no idea who Nick was but it intrigued her. It smelled of Ouzo. She had always wanted to visit Greece. The letter was in a fine copper script hand writing, black ink on onion skin paper. She read the letter. The last line caught her attention, 'I saw this sweater the other day made of Lamb's wool and it screamed your name.'. When she read this last line she shook so hard she knocked the coffee cup off of the diner table. It shattered on the greasy floor below. When a waitress came to ask her if she was okay she brushed past the waitress and ran out the door clutching the mail into the rain drenched street, leaving the diner patrons scratching their heads in bewilderment.

Â Ardelia Mapp stared at the letter in disbelief, "Are you sure that he wrote this? I mean it's been two years and not even a peep or a sighting.". Clarice stood her ground, "I'm as sure it is him as I'm sure that Jame Gumb was Buffalo Bill. He wants to finish our conversation. It's almost like I fascinated him. I never meant to...", her voice trailing off as the phone rang. They both jumped at the sound and Clarice picked up the receiver slowly, "Hello?". A pause on the other end of the line. "Clarice?", it was Jack Crawford. She sensed a nervous anxiety in his voice. She took a breath and replied, "Yes sir, it's me.". "Clarice we need you reassigned....". She cut him off her temper rising, "This is bullshit....sir! I don't think....". "CLARICE...listen to me", he interjected, "It's Lecter....". She froze. "He's killed again. A Greek police officer, we need you back here. No one else can profile Lecter like you. I know that and the IG knows that and Krendler will sure as hell know that." She paced the floor nervously, "What about the surveillance sir?". Jack Crawford sounded pleased to be announcing this last, "In lieu of the current circumstances, the surveillance order has been lifted. Monday 9 0'clock, my office."Â

Â Jack Crawford hung up the phone and popped two Roloids into his mouth and made a mental note that he would protect Starling at all possible costs.

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Â Â Â Â Part 6

Â Paris was starting to cool off from the summer heat. Tourists bustled here and there and pushed and shoved their way through the last tours and sales of the season. A young couple with large shopping bags tucked under each arm were hurrying to catch the last bus to the Louvre. Hannibal Lecter was passing the bus stop at that exact moment. The young couple in a rush collided with Dr. Lecter. The young woman while lifting up her dropped, scattered parcels proclaimed, "Pardonez-moi monsieur!". Dr. Lecter stood tall and replied, "Je m'excuse mademoiselle.". He helped her and her husband with their parcels and bid them *Ourvoi*. He retained his smile the whole time. He walked another three blocks and found a small doorway that was recessed between a bakery and a cafe' the door said 'Docteur Bernarde Gendreau, chirurgien de cosmetique'. After a short wait in

the doctor's office Hannibal Lecter walked out under the identity of a new man. A man named Pierre Broussard and began to settle into his new life here in Paris. His new life was now that of a man with only a small scar on his left hand where now there were only five fingers.Â

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Â A new Visa credit card insured his rent was paid in the medium sized flat for at least six months at which time he thought he may pay a visit to Clarice starling. He sat back in his newly furnished apartment and as he drank Cognac from a snifter he fell asleep and dreamt of lambs and Clarice Starling.....and Mischa.

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Â Â Â Part 7

Â Mischa Lecter walked onto the mist covered ground. She was wearing no shoes and she giggled at how the mist felt between her toes. Her older brother Hannibal watched her with delight. She passed the barn and walked further down the road. Hannibal kept within a respectable distance, he did not want to invade her private moments he just wanted to protect her. They walked for hours and he smiled to himself despite being hungry and tired. Mischa began to make her way back to the house. She knew Hannibal was following her and she had decided it best to let him think she did not know. Later she would turn around and scare him. Hannibal peaked out from behind a thorny bush. He smelled supper being cooked. He licked his lips in anticipation and began to creep silently until he heard a noise. There were horses and men. He thought he heard a gunshot. At a fever pace he ran to Mischa, cupping his hands to her mouth so she would not scream and they made their way back to the barn. A clearing to the left of the barn showed men on horses who were drinking and building a campfire. Hannibal carried Mischa to the barn and they snuck inside. He motioned for her to be quiet and they sat, two very frightened children well into the night. After a while Hannibal began to wonder where his papa was, he would drive these men away as he did the wild wolves that sometimes came to feast upon the family cattle. Mischa had fallen asleep, not completely understanding the nature of the 'game' that they were playing. She had been scared but only because she was not able to speak lest she get a stern look from Hannibal and a prompt finger to her lips.Â Â

Â Daylight came and went and the men did not leave. Mischa woke up around midmorning to see her brother still peeking out of the barn door at the men outside. Curiosity took it's toll and Mischa claimed a spot next to Hannibal. The men outside had stepped out of view but could still be heard. Hannibal could not make out what they were saying.Â Two minutes later the men appeared back into view. They were carrying oil lanterns and were leading a baby deer. Mischa turned to her big brother and whispered to him, "Brother what are they going to do to the baby deer?". Hannibal looked into her eyes and replied, "Mischa these men...they are not good men I wish you would turn your head. You should not see this Mischa.". MIScha looked out the door just as one of the large men swung an axe that lopped off the head of the deer. Mischa sprung from the barn, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!", she screamed. As she mouthed the last her back exploded outwards as a loud gunshot was heard. Hannibal closed the door quickly and felt the hot sting of tears.Â

Â He managed to compose himself enough to see if Mischa was ok. He watched in horror as the men spoke in low laughing tones as they

sliced Mischa and the deer into small steaks and prepared their meal. Usually at this point Hannibal wakes up, but tonight there is something compelling him to stay asleep and dream. Tonight instead of the remains of Mischa when the men leave he finds Clarice Starling in her place and Mischa is still fast asleep in the barn.

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Â Â Â Part 8

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>Â Jack Crawford, special agent Clarice Starling and the external affairs liason, James Tolliver sat gathered in the room. Clarice stood in front of a credit statement projected onto the wall, "Ok if we look at this credit Statement we can see that Hannibal Lecter is a connoisseur of the finer things in life. He likes fresh gourmet foods, not the kind you find in the 'gourmet' aisle in the local grocery store. he likes fresh exotic foods. He likes expensive liquers and spirits. He shuns fast food and most restaraunts preferring to cook for himself...". James Tolliver stifles a chuckle as he says, "Or to cook someone for himself.". Clarice gives him a sideways glance and continues, "He uses the finest china and copper pans and silver cutlery. He dresses in the finer silks and wools of the world. Hannibal Lecter will always rent larger accomadations. He is not claustrophobic but he will not want to feel confined ever again.".Â Jack Crawford adjusts his glasses and stands up. "Ok that's about it for the finances and expenditures of Dr. Lecter. What about his locations and the preferences of his victims?". With a press of Clarice's thumb on the control stick button, the slide carousel revolved once to project a new image on the screen. "As you can see here Dr. Lecter's points of interest are those culturally rich. What I mean to say is from what I have gathered I don't think you'll find Dr. Lecter in the slums of Chicago or some third world country. He doesn't really appear to have a pattern although NYU Criminology department are still trying to ascerrtain if this is true.". She hands a list to Tolliver, "Make sure you check every avenue available to you.". Tolliver nods and walks out. Crawford turns the lights on, "Do you think he's gonna be found this time?". "With all due respect sir I think the only reason we didn't find him is that he has no interest in us. But...", she pauses almost for effect, "...he is interested in me."Â Crawford closes the door and sits down at his desk. He motions for her to sit. "What are you proposing Clarice?". She stops stunned. For the first time ever she realizes that she is staring into the face of only one of two men who call her Clarice and who don't talk down to her. One is this man Jack Crawford, FBI section chief, one of the good guys. the other is HannibalÂ 'The Cannibal' Lecter, America's most wanted criminal, monster. She trusted both completely and knew in her soul for some reason Hannibal Lecter would never harm her. It was an irrational thought in an irrational world and together the two negatives made a positive and therefore she knew she was right. "He won't hurt me, but I fascinate him. So I think I should get in contact with him. I can lure him out," she looked at Jack Crawford her eyes pleading, ", he will come to me.". Across the desk section chief Jack Crawford steeples his fingers. A long minute of silence passes finally he throws his hands in the air in a half shrug half surrender gesture. "Ok we do it your way, " he looks into her eyes with a steely gaze, "but if the shit hits the fan, I'll be there for backup.". "Thank you sir...that means a lot to me". <p>

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>Â Â Â Â Part 9
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Â Pierre Broussard awoke in a cold sweat from the dream and realised he may well have found what he needs to do to silence his dreams.Â He logs on to a travel site to order two tickets to Arlington National Airport for two weeks from now.Â

Â Clarice Starling has taken out an ad in the personals of every major newspaper in the U.S. and has posted classifieds on the internet at every major portal site.Â The ad simply reads 'N. Padaropolous I am still waiting for that sweater, Love C.'. She feels strange at the fact that she has signed it Love C, but she feels this will attract him to her better.Â

Â One more click and Hannibal Lecter has bought his passage to America. He decides to take out an ad in the personals to tell Clarice that he is coming. He only wishes to hear her voice and to smell her perfume and the smell of the soap she used once again. An advertisemnt catches his eye, 'Virginian SWF looking for Tall Greek SWM'. He double clicks on the ad to read the details. He reads the ad and as he does his maroon eyes sparkle. He immediately begins writing a reply: 'Dear C, It is I whom you seek. The sweater is with me, I shall bring it next time we meet. However I am afraid that the rat always smells the cheese as do I. Signed,Â N. Padropolous'.

Â After a few hours, an anxious Clarice checks the ad for a reply. Seeing one her heart beats and she gathers the courage she will need to read the reply and to comment appropriately and to bait the trap. She opens the reply and reads it. Her lips follow the words as if she were a young shool child reading a Dick and Jane book. She begins to type: 'Dear N, I have longed for the sweater for so long. I'm not a big fan of cheese but I think you know that. I think you know me better than I know myself. Quid Pro Quo Doctor. Isn't that what the young lady had said once upon a time?'. After this she waits for half an hour just staring into the screen. Not wanting to move for fear of missing his reply.Â

Â Hannibal Lecter smiles in the darkness and writes his reply to the latest message: 'C, you always did have me enthralled with you. I assure you that no harm will come to you as long as I am your guardian angel. Quid Pro Quo indeed. My travel arrangements have been made and I do not trust the internet for what I must do next. Hang up now. You have two minutes.".Â

Â Clarice reads the message and immediately hangs up the modem. A minute later her phone rings...on the other end there is nothing but silence. "It's okay it's secure," she listens for a response. Still nothing, "Ok you trust me.....The lambs....they still scream you know.", she waits again. Finally a voice, "How often do you hear them Clarice?"Â She sighs long and deep. "Every night Doctor...every night.". "And what do they tell you, these lambs when they are screaming?". She looks off into the horizon through her back window as tears well up in her eyes. "QUID PRO QUO DOCTOR!!!," she screams into the reciever. Hannibal Lecter clears his throat and speaks once more, "Arlington Nation Airport Tuesday October 13th, 9 A.M. There Clarice now my fate rests in your hands, do what you may. I just wonder how loudly the lambs would scream without me in your world? Goodbye Clarice.". The reciever clicks in her ear. She falls to the floor in a bundle and sobs quietly to herslef as she envisions her

mother washing the blood out of her father's hat. She falls into a deep fitful sleep.

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Â Â Part 10

Â 'Mama?'

>Â 'Yes?'
Â 'Where's Daddy?'

>Â 'Daddy's gone dear.'
Â 'Gone? Will he back soon?'

>Â 'Daddy wants you to remember the good times you had with him.'

Â 'No Mama NO I WANT DADDY, what is wrong with his hat? Mama
MamaÂ MAMA?'

>Â Sheep are heard in the back ground as Clarice Starling's eyes flutter.Â <p>

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Â Â Part 11

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>Â The dome light goes on in the car as the parabolic dish is lifted in through the car window. A gloved hand reaches for a pen in a breast pocket as the words are scribbled on the notepad, it then is tossed aside. It says: 'Arlington Natl 9 am oct 13'. The dome light goes off and the car squeals off into the night.
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Â Â Part 12

Â The two weeks come and go with only Jack Crawford and agent Starling knowing about the meeting. It is agreed that JackÂ will stay out of sight and will only come out of hiding if Clarice presses a button on her sleeve that will transmit a signal to Jack's ear piece.Â

Â The day comes, at 8:00 a.m. Jack Crawford snaps the flak jacket into place for Starling then he checks her sidearm for clean cocking action. A jam at this point could be fatal. One last test and the time is here to leave for the airport.Â

Â The ride to the airport feels long and stressful. No one talks. Clarice gets out 200m from the entrance where she will meet Hannibal Lecter. Her gun gives her extra security. She prays she will not need it. Her hair has become matted and her palms have become sweaty. Jack Crawford parks the car and adjusts his earpiece. He checks his gun one last time.Â

Â A half hour passes and still no sign of Hannibal Lecter. She looks to her left and sees a man sitting on a bench reading a paper. To the right of her is a woman pushing a stroller. Time slows down as the yellow cab pulls up to the parking lot. A man with long white hair and a goatee is in the back of the cab. His eyes catch Starling's attention, just a flash of maroon as the man begins to open the door to the cab. Starling looks to her left to cross the street. A small gust of wind pushes the newspaper away from the hands of the man on the bench. For a split instant she sees an earpiece. As the man's coat flutters in the wind she sees the familiar bulge of a pistol. She whips back towards the taxi and shakes her head and begins to walk away. In the cab the man sees the young woman shake her head and the cabbie squeals away into the thick traffic ahead. The man on the bench and the lady with the stroller both haul out pistols and

proceed to search the area. Jack Crawford watching from his car
buries his head in his hands.

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Â Â Â Part 13

Â Two weeks later Clarice Starling is on the stands for aiding and
abetting a known criminal. She tells the supreme court of nothing of
interest to the case. She tells them of a proposed drug bust gone
wrong. So the rebuttal is short and of no consequence. Jack
Crawford's office released reports backing up her claims. Jack
Crawford himself is not mentioned and is nowhere to be seen during
the trial. It would come out in the open later that Jack Crawford's
wife had died of cancer during the trial. The judge threw the case
out and reinstated Clarice Starling's recently revoked status
claiming incircumstantial evidence. Paul Krendler just balled his
hands into pockets and took a two month leave of absence. They wrote
it up as stress leave.Â

Â That night at home Clarice slept better than she had in months and
when she dreamt, she dreamt of the old house where she had grown up.
The house where her father had peeled oranges with her in the
kicthen. She thought of her mother and her father playing with her in
the front yard. In this dream her father was sick with the flu on the
fateful day of his death. And therefore never went to work where he
woudl meet his untimely demise. On that very same day the lambs went
out to pasture lead by a man with maroon eyes.

End
file.